A War Romance and its Portent, page 1757.

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"WAIT AND SEE!"

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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS

Exclusive to "Modern Life."

King George and the Defence of London.

"Suppose the Germans *did* come?" How many millions of times has that question been asked in British households during the last two months? And how many loyal Britishers have been able to answer it? Probably not one in a thousand! What would happen if the Germans came no one can precisely say. If, during a succession of foggy days and nights such as we are about to experience during the next three months, the Germans were able to land a force of a hundred thousand men on the shores of England, and seize a North Sea port like Grimsby, Hull, or Newcastle, from whence to proceed to the reduction of this country, there is a very serious likelihood of a "Little Belgium" being created in this country before the Germans were silenced! Let nobody wrap themselves in the fool's paradise that the Germans could be instantly washed back into the sea! They would not invade Britain in broad sunlight. They would not risk their invading army without a good chance of being able to hold a certain length of coast line by entrenchment until their orderly embarkation could be carried out without a debacle! In view of these facts, what is being done for the protection of our country? I am able in part to say!

* * *

Why London Appears to be Defenceless.

King George has kept a very sharp eye upon this side of the war! There is not a detail of the defences of England with which he is unfamiliar. During his many years afloat he was confronted with the position of England during a potential German invasion for twenty years of his life. He knows every weak spot on the North Sea coast. He knows, too, exactly what are the German plans for the invasion of this country, and how mathematically they have been worked out in the Wilhelmstrasse in Berlin! And he has taken precautions, in spite of the fact that London appears to be absolutely defenceless at this moment. It is not so at all.

The plans in the Admiralty for securing the complete demoralisation of any invading force from the North Sea are complete; the plans in the War Office for the security of London are equally perfect. It has been my privilege to be let into some the secrets of the War Office for securing the immunity of London.

* * *

London Completely Safeguarded from Attack.

At the present moment three hundred thousand Territorials and Regular troops are guarding the metropolis! That is a comforting assurance, although it is so little apparent. London, for a radius of thirty miles, is completely surrounded by troops. To give one section of these defences as an illustration of the perfectness of our immunity from attack, I will take the northern army. Starting at Luton and the Chilterns, a line of about thirty thousand troops is ready to stop any German invasion from the north. These troops are disposed over many miles, and strategically linked up with other troops east and west.

* * *

No Chance for the Germans.

Within this formidable ring between the Chilterns and London, another line of troops is encamped, having St. Albans as its base. The troops are not congested in one large camp, but are spread over miles of open country, so that no surprise is possible. Another ten miles nearer the metropolis, on the Barnet heights, more troops are looking after us. And then comes one of our most formidable defences, the Welsh Harp, from which an immense moat all round London could be created within a few hours! Then there are our last defences, the entrenchments upon the Hampstead and Finchley heights, and God help the Germans who get south of the Spaniards and Jack Straw's Castle! For they would never get back again!

* * *

Prince Arthur Leaves for the War.

Prince Arthur has gone off to the front. Without any bombast, without a single line for the newspaper reporters, without a solitary farewell snap-shot for the ha'penny picture-papers, the Duke of Connaught's gallant only son has skedaddled off to the war, having seen his charming young wife (now the mother of a six-weeks-old son) safely ensconced for the first time in her life in the family mansion at Bagshot, where King George and Queen Mary have both called in order to see that their niece is all right, and as happy as could be expected "under the circs." From the same source of information I learn that Prince Arthur's departure for the front was delayed at the sole instigation of the King, for the important reasons which I mentioned a fortnight ago. Prince Arthur's knowledge of military administration is remarkable for a man of his age, which is, however, owing to his having been born in the Service, and his childhood having been partly passed in the military camp at Poona, where his father commanded the old Bombay Army.

* * *

How Prince Arthur Came to Miss the Fighting at Mons.

In deference to the King's wish, Prince Arthur did not embark for the front with his regiment, the gallant Scots Greys, and it was a source of intense chagrin to him that he missed the magnificent fighting which the "Second-to-None" got at Mons, long before they expected it. At the Greys' first engagement with the Germans they charged no less than five times, after waiting and watching the enemy creep up for several hours. The officers had hard work to restrain the men, whose horses seemed as impatient for the attack as their riders. But when the charges actually took place, the Germans were completely demoralised. "Smothered with blood" was the way one of the officers described the Scots Greys' emergence from that terrific work. Men and horses were simply smothered in blood! Prince Arthur, I learn, was very sick at not having had his chance of seeing this bit of fighting, and hence the King has now considerately released him from any duties at home. But he will be badly missed at Buckingham Palace, where his position as the King's unofficial emissary between himself, the War Office, and the Embassies, has been very valuable indeed!

* * *

A Romantic Battlefield Potentiality.

There is a touch of personal romance in the departure of Prince Arthur for the front of an absolutely unique character. For it is by no means improbable that he will be called upon to raise his sword against his own first cousin, the one-time Duke of Albany, and now Duke of

Saxe-Coburg. They were the first English Princes educated at Eton since that famous school arose in the days of King Henry VI. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg is, of course, the Duchess of Albany's only son, and his father, the late Duke of Albany, was Queen Victoria's seventh child.

It was a remarkable departure from custom when "Arthur Connaught" and "Leopold Albany" were sent to Eton, but Eton's illustrious neighbour at the Castle believed it to be quite true that "Waterloo had been won on the playing-fields of Eton"—hence her two grandsons, she thought, might as well become Waterloo heroes in their own day and generation. And they seem like to do it. Unfortunately, the death of their uncle, the Duke of Edinburgh, made it necessary for young Albany to go over to Coburg as ruler in their grandfather's duchy, and so it falls out that "Arthur Connaught" and "Leopold Albany" will be fighting on opposite sides! What would happen if they met in the scrum only they themselves could say!

* * *

The Royal Brothers.

As I have before remarked, King George has no real "friendships" amongst the aristocracy or the people. His Majesty's "intimates," like Admiral Sir Colin Keppel and Colonel Sir Charles Cust, could be counted on the fingers of the two hands. And so it is with his Majesty's sons. They are all great "pals," and the Prince of Wales and Prince Albert find in each other's company all the satisfaction that other men find *away* from their brothers' society. I was forcibly reminded of this curious characteristic of our present-day Royalties by meeting the Pragger-Wagger and Prince Albert stamping across the bracken in Richmond Park on Saturday afternoon. The Prince was taking his brother for his first walk after his return from Aberdeen that morning, where he had been operated on for appendicitis. Apparently the Royal brothers had "no end" to tell each other!

* * *

The Pragger-Wagger's Oxford Manner.

On their way across the park to take tea with Lord Farquhar at the White Lodge, I could not help noting the difference in features of the two princes. They bear no resemblance whatever to each other. Though dressed exactly alike, even to their ties and boot-laces, with the same-hued Homburg hats made famous by their illustrious grandsire, they did not look a bit like brothers. The Prince of Wales is a very good-looking boy, with a fresh pink complexion, bright red lips, and a perfectly oval face, like a 1914 flapper. The Heir-Apparent does not resemble either of his parents in the least. But Prince Albert, who is a wee bit taller than his brother, is the very image of his mother, with her Majesty's creamy complexion and largish mouth, and he resembles Queen Mary in being very well-proportioned and vigorous-looking.

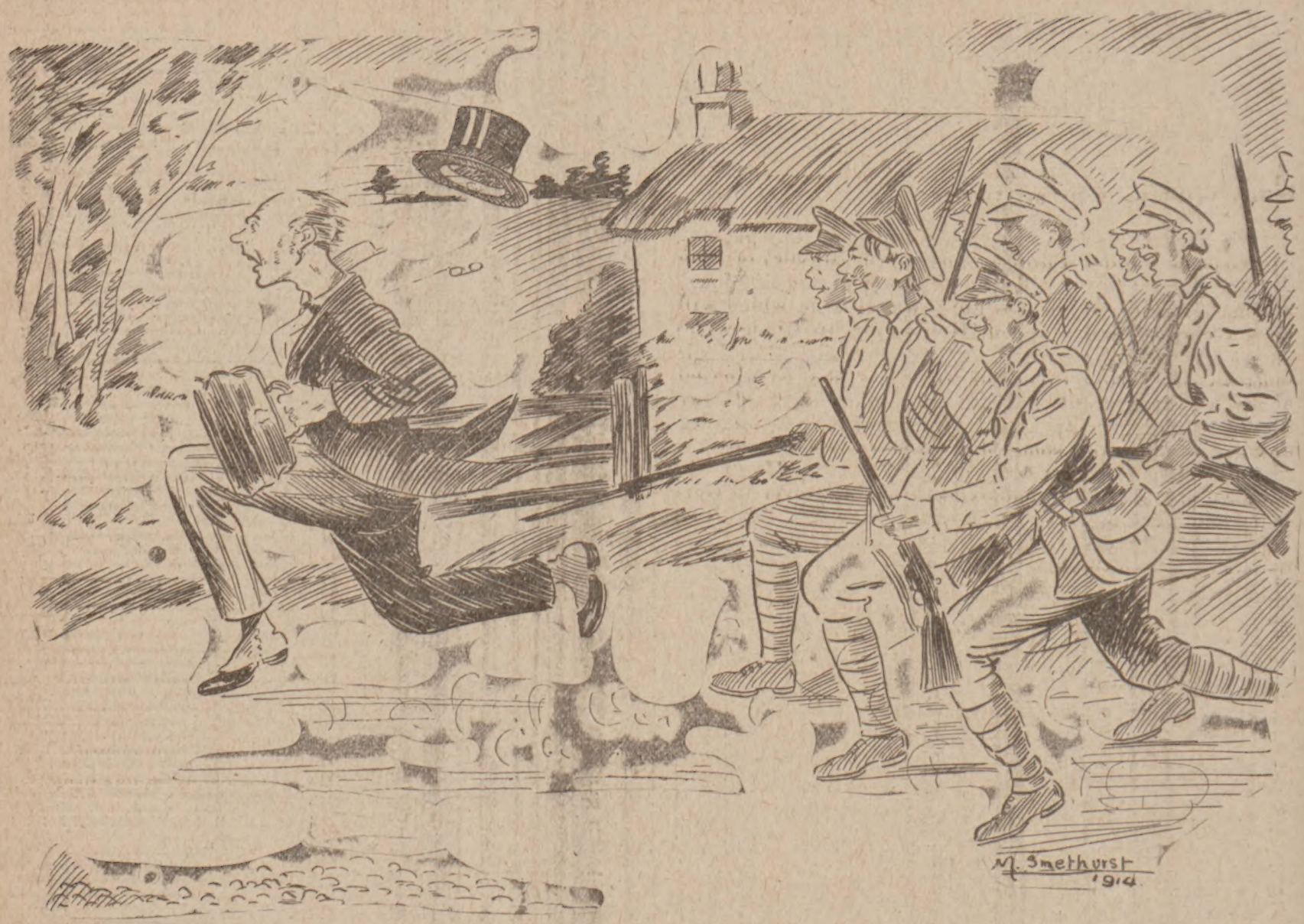
The Prince of Wales is over the average height, and he has a charming voice, a clear and resonant enunciation, and the "Oxford manner" to perfection. I look forward to the day when the Prince of Wales will be regarded as the best public speaker this country has ever had on the throne. As I noted a fortnight ago, it would have been much better if, instead of making that silly public announcement about Lord Kitchener not desiring the Prince of Wales to go to the front until his training was complete, they had sent him off to France to learn the art of war without being hurled into the firing-line unprepared; for though his Royal Highness is popularly supposed to be with the Grenadier Guards, and has been photographed in all the papers departing with his regiment, he is, as a matter of fact, still at home with his family, and the Grenadiers are probably rather glad to be rid at this arduous time of a subaltern whose dignity must be carefully remembered (little as the Pragger-Wagger himself desires it!), and who cannot be made to submit to the rough and tumble incidental to active service. Personally, I consider it a mistake to send the King's sons on active service at all.

* * *

The H.A.C. and its Commander.

The Earl of Denbigh, the Commander of the Honourable Artillery Company, has not yet gone off to the front, but has been detained for the present by administrative duties. But his daughter, Lady Dorothy Feilding

Diagram showing the metamorphosis of the Nux Piccadillii.



WAR AT OUR DOORS.

Mr. Fogge, who is short-sighted, coming home from the City, meets a company of Terriers returning at the double to camp, and takes to his heels thinking the German invasion is a fact.

has gone, and she is doing first-class work amongst the poor and wounded in Belgium. The H.A.C. is our greatest civilian soldier corps, and is sure to give a good account of itself in the firing line. Lord Denbigh is immensely proud of his command, and is keenly looking forward to giving the Germans a "touch-up" with his fine "amateurs." His Lordship is one of our most popular sportsmen, and what he does not know about artillery isn't worth knowing. It is nearly forty years since he first began learning the business with the regular R.A., and within four years he was winning medals in Egypt. Every year he goes into camp with the H.A.C., and there is no volunteer corps in Britain which possesses a head who is sturdier in his encouragement of his men than "Lord Denbigh's Lot"!

* * *

Hapsburg v. Hapsburg.

But Lord Denbigh, being such a good Catholic, will not go to Germany without a spice of superstitious anticipation of evil to come. For it was in the Rhine that his popular brother, Monsignor Fielding, was drowned, while canoeing with their brother, Evarard Feilding, who also had a very narrow escape. Monsignor Feilding was only thirty-three at the time, and he had been out in South Africa as a Roman Catholic chaplain, where he was extremely popular. But the joke about Lord Denbigh is that his great ancestral boast is that he is a Hapsburg, and that for centuries the blood of the Hapsburgs has come down in his family in the direct line. Hence both he and his son, Lord Fielding, are named Rudolph, and while Lord Denbigh is ninth Earl of that ilk, and eighth Earl of Desmond, he is also Count of Hapsburg, Rheinfelden, and Laufenberg, and, curiously enough, it was in the rapids near Rheinfelden that Lord Denbigh's priest-brother lost his life eight years ago. Lord Denbigh was himself wounded at Tel-el-Kebir.

Lady Di "in the Swim" once more.

Lady Di Manners has moistened many a snowy pillow-slip since she laid her heart amongst the flowers upon the bier of poor young Sir Denis Anson last June. "If he had not been drowned in the Thames he would have died in the war," said Lady Di to a friend of mine; and though her pretty Ladyship has now lost that delicate pallor which so well became her three months ago, and was her own cheery little self when we met at Claridge's on Wednesday, there is a pensivity about the ducal flapper which renders Lady Di easily the most interesting unmarried girl in Britain. Eighteen of her officer friends are at the front, I am told, and for the moment all heart-affairs are in a glorious state of suspense.

* * *

Gaby Amongst the Duchesses.

None the less, everyone was delighted to see her, especially amongst a crowd which included Aga Khan, the Ranee of Sarawak, her Grace of Marlborough, Lady Randolph Churchill, and Princess Alice of Monaco. Sir Herbert Tree recited, and Gaby Deslys and Felice Lyne and Gertie Millar delighted everybody with their sauciest and daintiest, and three hundred guineas was got for the benefit of the wives and daughters of the Frenchmen who have answered the waving of the Tricolour in London and gone off to the front, leaving their good women-folk behind. The gathering at Claridge's was one of the most cosmopolitan on record, and for the first time for ten years I met again that interesting woman, Lady Pirbright, who was the first English Jewess who ever wore a British coronet.

Her husband, the late Lord Pirbright, is now forgotten, but in his day and generation he was a British Plenipotentiary, and well-known as Baron de Worms. Lady Pirbright is the only daughter of the late Sir

Benjamin Phillips, one of London's most prominent Jews, though I forget for the moment whether he was one of our six Jewish Lord Mayors!

* * *

When Will the War be Over?

I do remember, however, that his son is the present Sir George Faudell-Phillips, the Lord Mayor of the Jubilee year, who is still going strong at seventy-four, and may live to see his son Lord Mayor also, which will be a record at the Mansion House, for up till now no record of three generations having occupied that high office exists. Lady Pirbright tells me she is worried about her daughter Constance, who married the Uhlan Count Maximilian von Lowenstein Scharffeneck, and her anxiety is naturally somewhat intense. Incidentally, I may add that I was informed by Baroness Henri de Rothschild that there is no expectation whatever in Germany—and not much in Paris—that the war will be over before the Christmas of next year, even assuming the defeat of the German arms continues.

* * *

A War Romance and its Portent.

Mention of Sir Denis Anson reminds me that the love affair between Lady Mabel Anson (Lord Lichfield's pretty daughter) and the Master of Forbes has ended all right, and their engagement was announced this week! The marriage will be hurried on, as the Master wants to get to the front. His honours as Master of Forbes, and heir to one of Scotland's oldest coronets, are of recent date, as it was only through old Lord Forbes shooting himself, or falling out of a window, or whatever it was he did, a few months ago that the present Lord Forbes came into the title. The Ansons have been having bad luck of late, and the sad death of Lord Lichfield's charming young niece last season, when the ballroom had been got ready for her coming-out dance, was referred to in these columns! Let us hope the wedding-bells for her cousin will ring out all right, and the luck of the war be on their side.

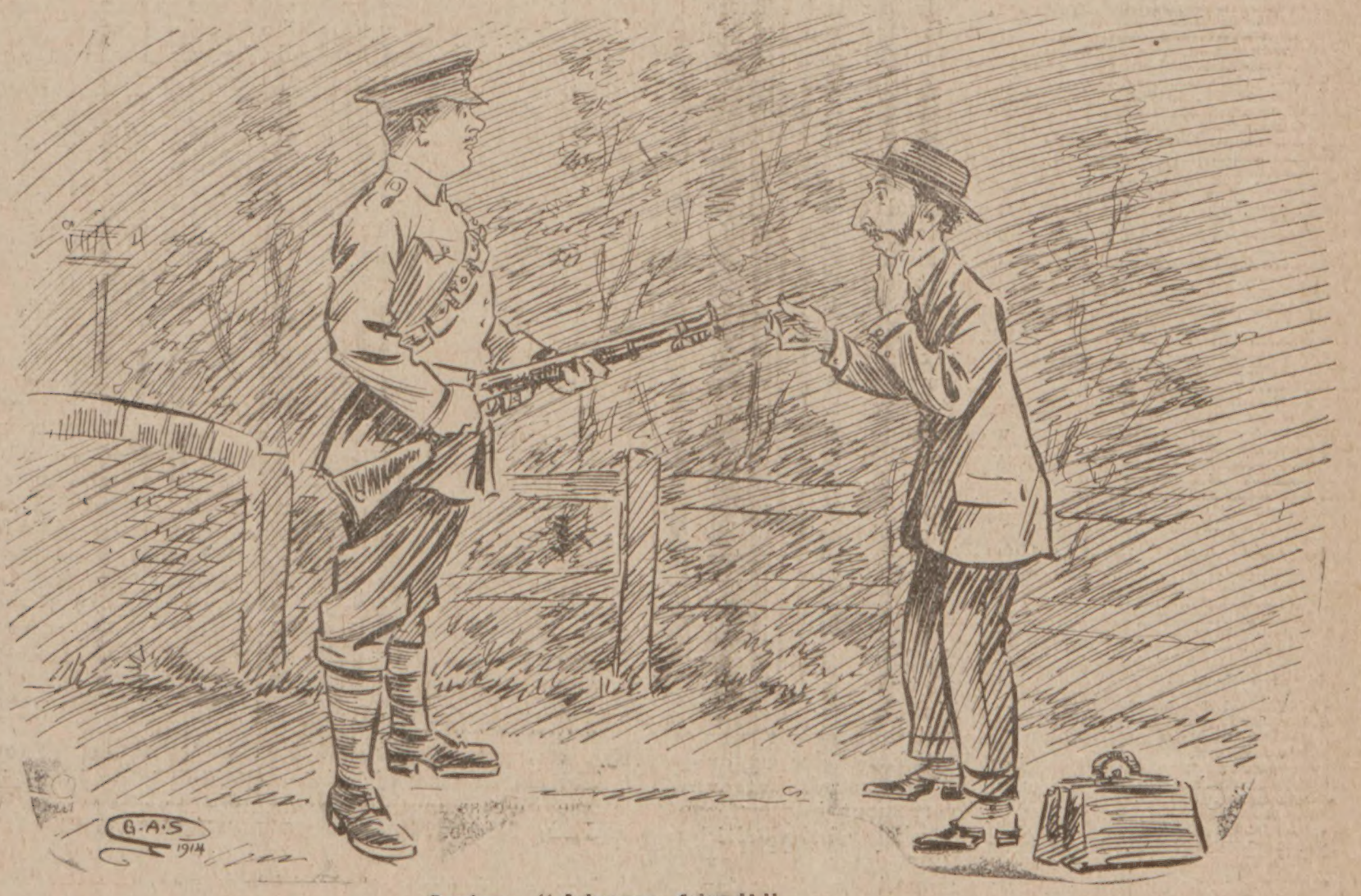
Marlborough's Duchess "Told Off"!

There is no harder-working man in this war-crisis than the Right Hon. Sydney Holland, Viscount Knutsford. For thirty years he led the hospital campaign in this country, with a vigour which excited the admiration of the Empire. But it is just as well to be courteous, even if you *are* a bit rushed. And his Lordship's terse way of "telling-off" the Duchess of Marlborough and a few other ladies the other day wasn't quite in the fashion of the Old Noblesse. The Duchess, bereft of domesticity, and even the guardianship of her own children, has given herself over to various public causes—some commendable, some silly. But one of her commendable causes is the cause of the soldiers broken in our wars, and instead of going off to the Riviera and having a good time, Her pretty Grace is staying in town, and worrying herself thin over the poor fellows who are daily coming home from the front, often crippled for life.

* * *

Not a Nice Way to Put It.

In her sorrow at their plight the Duchess has organised what she calls the Women's Emergency Corps, the object of which is to raise a corps of ladies who will take on the nursing of the wounded officers, whenever the supply of trained nurses runs short, or, in fact, do anything else that their humane and gentle instincts prompt them to do on behalf of the men who have gone down while doing their country's work. With such excellent intentions it was hardly to be expected that Lord Knutsford would go out of his way to write to the papers pointing out that there was no shortage of nurses, and the Women's Emergency Corps wasn't wanted. But he did it, and if it hadn't been that he has done such good work for his fellow-countrymen all his life we should speak very seriously to him. As it is, we can only say to his Lordship, "Don't do it again!"



Sentry: "Advance, friend!"
Mr. Cohen: "Thertainly. 'Ow much?"

LIVELY LITTLE LEADERS.

HOW GERMANY MAKES WAR.

There has recently been issued in England a little book called "How Germany Makes War," by General von Bernhardi, author of the notorious book, "Germany and the Next War." I should like to commend this latest effusion of the German General to English readers, for it throws a light upon the war now being waged that is of infinite value to all students of military and naval matters. And I think those readers of *Modern Life* who take my advice and study this work will rise from its perusal, as I have risen, more convinced than ever of two things—first, that the Fates are working in favour of the Allied troops, and, secondly, that the German theories of warfare are utterly immoral and impracticable at such a stage of civilisation as that which the most advanced nations have now reached.

First, then, I think it can be shown from this book—from the statements of a German General who is admitted to be almost the supreme authority, remember—that fate, or Providence, or whatever you like to call it, is on our side. For General von Bernhardi lays down two things as of enormous, indeed, paramount, importance for German success, and in both of these things Germany has failed. Listen to this: "The issue of the next European war hangs in the balance of strategic offensive." Well, Germany has had her strategic offensive. She had it right at the commencement of the war, as she always intended to have it. She had her chance when, week after week, she was driving the Allied troops back to Paris, when the French Government was compelled—or, at any rate, thought it advisable—to remove to Bordeaux, when we in England, as we may now admit, were perhaps just a shade dismayed at the rapidity of the German advance, and were even prepared for the possibility of Paris falling before the German guns. Germany had her strategic offensive in those dark and doubtful days that followed the fall of Namur. She missed her opportunity. She had to go back. The strategic offensive passed to the Allied troops, and there, so far as one can judge, it seems likely to remain. There, at any rate, we hope and pray it may remain, till British and French and Russian and Belgian soldiers side by side parade in pride and triumph the very streets of Berlin itself.

The second essential for the success of the German arms, as laid down by Bernhardi, is this: Only that State can win that "knows how to initiate the war under auspicious political circumstances, and thus to create favourable conditions for the military action itself." Here, again, Germany has utterly failed to do the right thing at the right moment. And it is perhaps owing to the discovery by the German people, and sections of their Press, of this vital error, that we owe the satisfaction of seeing Berlin quietly quaking in her shoes at the real, if slow, success that is accompanying the efforts of the Allied troops at the present moment. It is not easy, of course, to tell what was passing in the minds of the War Lords of Germany when they decided that the moment had arrived for tackling France once again, and smashing her, as a preliminary to smashing England in the years to follow. But I do not think we shall make any mistake in anticipating the verdict of future historians if we say that the War Lords staked all upon the apparent certainty of England keeping out of the quarrel, owing to her own troubles in the direction of possible civil war in Ireland. I think the Kaiser is a fool. I think, if I may be allowed to say so, that he is a damned fool. But I do not think he is such a mad fool as to choose of his own free will to tackle Russia, France, and the whole of the British Empire at one fell swoop. I think that when he discovered that our Irish difficulties disappeared in a moment in the face of war with Germany, and that the whole of the British Empire was combining against him, he would have given worlds to draw back, to postpone the settling day. But it was too late. He had chosen his moment of battle, and he had chosen wrong. He had laid himself open to the just condemnation of the very writer whose theories of warfare he had so ardently worshipped. He had forgotten, in that one awful moment of decision, the vital words of General von Bernhardi. "The grouping of the neighbouring States brought about by policy, and the choice of the moment for beginning the war, broadly create the conditions under which the war must be waged, and these may be decisive for its whole course."

Secondly, this book demonstrates, if, indeed, it need demonstration, that the German theories of warfare are openly and unashamedly immoral, and absolutely impracticable if we are to retain anything at all of our modern civilisation. A perusal of the book shows conclusively that all the atrocities and sacrilegious iniquities of which the Germans have been guilty in the last two months, were, in so many words, advocated by General von Bernhardi in 1911, the year in which "How Germany Makes War" was written. And he did not advocate them tamely, either. I do not say that he said, in plain language, "Go and sack Louvain," "Destroy Rheims Cathedral," "Slaughter the women and children." But I do say that from cover to cover of this able and interesting, yet infamous, work there is only one doctrine preached regarding the morality of war, and that is the doctrine that in war there is no such thing as morality at all. It is a ruthless book. It is a fearful book. It is a frightful book. No wonder, then, that the War Lords and the officers who were, in preparation for war, fed upon its ruthlessness and fearfulness and frightfulness have, in the actual conduct of war, stooped to machinations and malignities by the side of which the most barbarous peoples of all history would, if they were alive to-day, almost hide their heads in shame. And this is what we get from what they call German culture! This is what we get from a nation that in many fields of thought has proved its right to be a leader among the intellectual nations of the world! It is a terrible and a sickening sight. How to explain it we leave to the Herbert Spencers of the future. How to deal with it we ourselves know. We shall deal with it desperately, destructively—yes, even devilishly. For only the spirit of devilry and damnation is capable of meting out to the authors of the German atrocities the treatment they deserve. I was reading the other day of a French author who has been preaching the gospel of justice to the fiends incarnate who have mastered all too well, and brought into practice, the principles of warfare taught in Bernhardi's books. The gospel of justice! Yes, but how are we to do it? For my conception of justice on this occasion is not that of M. Gustave Hervé. It is not even that of Portia herself. The limit has been reached. The civilised world has no use for justice with mercy to-day. And it will, we may hope, have no use for justice with mercy when in days, I trust, not far ahead, the guillotines of France shall claim the victims that are their due.

Jonathan Grub Strete.

Everyone is hoping that the "Emden" may soon be the "Hemmed In."

* * *

"German Bands in the Firing Line" (*Daily Telegraph*). So they have found their proper place at last.

* * *

Many Australians have taken the King's shilling. They have also taken Germany's New Guinea.

* * *

So long as we keep the German army on the run we can afford to let the Berlin Press Bureau lie still.

* * *

The German army's winter clothing is made of sheep skins. We seem to have heard of wolves in sheep's clothing before.

* * *

The unanimity of the British was a great surprise to the enemy. Even our poets agree—in urging others to join the Army.

WHO, WHY, WHEN AND WHERE.

LITTLE QUESTIONS FOR PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Whether it was not unkind of the new morning paper to refer to a famous actor as Sir "Beerbohm" Tree, after the good knight has for years so carefully dropped the Beerbohm in favour of "Sir Herbert Tree"?

* * *

Whether the Gaekwar hopes that cultivating Mr. Herbert Samuel will secure his reception at Buckingham Palace once more?

* * *

Whether Sir Charles Holroyd of the National Gallery is hoping the Gaekwar will buy some of the pictures he could sell his Highness? And whether the Gaekwar's confabulations with Sir Charles are in view of the unkind remarks made by a splenetic Bombay editor about the "works of art" now in his Highness's public art gallery in Baroda?

* * *

What were the funny jokes Sir Thomas Pink (the jam knight) was making about his friends, Sir Thomas Lipton (the tea knight) and Sir Joseph Lyons (the poet) in the lounge at the Metropole at Brighton last Sunday?

* * *

If there ought not to be a national decoration conferred upon Queen Mary by the people for her untiring efforts on behalf of the troops at the front!

* * *

And also another for Princess Mary, who is rarely seen outside Buckingham Palace these days and finds plenty to do inside?

* * *

Whether there should not be a severe embargo upon Germans taking historic British names?

* * *

And whether it is not a crime to allow Hans Schmidt to become "Archibald Cameron," or Adolf Konig to announce himself as "Montagu Lowther" or "Gascoigne Cecil"?

* * *

REFLECTED GLORY.

"'Ooray! I've 'ad a brother wounded."

If most of the staff of the Press Bureau are not of the opinion that more trust should be confided in the honour of our newspaper editors?

* * *

Whether a daily paper's announcement of a special war article by "General (*sic*) French's sister" was in quite the best of taste?

* * *

If it is the frenzied activity in the German Iron Cross factories that makes the Swedes object so strongly to iron ore being esteemed conditional contraband?

* * *

If there are not a large about—all without the water-number of forged £1 notes mark? * * *

How many hundreds of thousands of pounds have the moneylenders lost through the Call to Arms?

* * *

Would not a list of the German prisoners in England cause a good deal of astonishment?

* * *

If a number of influential London doctors are about to form a sort of limited liability company for the "boosting" of Buxton?

* * *

The identity of the young man who "keeps sentry" each evening outside Pavlova's house in Hampstead, and if it is the same individual who attempted to commit suicide in her presence less than a year ago?

* * *

Is it true that the Tower of London has once again been put to its old-time use as a place of captivity for a high-born offender?

* * *

The identity of the West End drapery firm which has been peremptorily deprived of its Royal Warrant during the past week, and if it has anything to do with the unscrupulous reduction of the wages of its employees?

* * *

And whether the German plan of forcibly naming all aliens (as was done when the Rothschilds were given their name of "Red Shield") should not be resorted to, so that they might become Turners, Carters, Carpenters, Smiths, Wheelers, and Bakers, and thus injure the feelings of nobody?

* * *

If the *Daily Call* is not quite up to the Standard pattern?

* * *

When will the Empress Eugenie's war reminiscences be published?

* * *

If still more drastic methods are to be adopted for the purpose of keeping the "war correspondent" pest as far as possible from the fighting line?

Who is the critic of a daily paper who stated "Those Who Sit in Judgment" because he happens to live at "Clapworth" Common?

* * *

If Earl Kitchener himself is not a little displeased with the term "Kitchener's Army"?

* * *

What has happened to Prince Louis of Battenberg?

* * *

If Mr. F. E. Smith did not look exceedingly self-conscious in his new war-paint at the fashionable restaurant where he gave a sort of "farewell" before leaving for Marseilles?

* * *

How it came about that the newly-commissioned officer at Headley Camp was discovered to be using a pair of opera glasses stamped with the name of Daly's Theatre during field manœuvres?

TABLOID TOPICS.

Whilst Britannia rules the waves, Germania waives the rules—of the sea.

* * *

The Hard-as-Nails Corps of sportsmen should have no need to screw up their courage.

* * *

So far there seems to have been more gas than anything else about the Kaiser's Zeppelins.

* * *

"Enemy bent back on the left," we read. He will now appreciate the value of a straight right.

* * *

Our soldiers are dubbing the German commander-in-chief "Old Von o'Clock." By the watch on the Rhine?

* * *

Our Calendar:—

November 4th:—Moratorium ends.
November 5th:—Fireworks!

* * *

Judging by some of the soldiers' tales from the front, what they urgently need are strong reinforcements of Marines.

* * *

"The German is the salt of the earth," says the Potsdam Swanker. But not the salt of the sea, thank goodness.

* * *

A shortage of horses is reported amongst the German troops, but our own commissariat is working quite satisfactorily.

* * *

We read that "Germany intends to set her stamp upon the world." But not before we have given it a good licking.

* * *

Prince Oscar, the Kaiser's fifth son, is suffering from a weak heart, unlike his father, whose complaint appears to be a weak head.

* * *

A New York Judge recently granted fifteen divorces in less than two hours. The marriage tie over there must be a sort of slip-knot.

* * *

The *New York World* rebukes the rhymesters who are plaguing us with trope and tripe. Be a patriot, good poet, but don't make a song about it.

* * *

A German gunboat has been sold for one shilling and tenpence. Seems cheap; but then we all know her owner, the Kaiser, isn't worth a crown.

* * *

A writer in the *Daily Mail* says the slightest draught makes a German ill. Which accounts for the difficulty which the Kaiser is said to have in raising the wind.

* * *

They say that Germany's trade has been ruined by the war. Still someone must have done well turning out the 38,000 iron crosses which the Kaiser distributed recently.

* * *

The German Press say that we have fixed a search-light on the top of Cleopatra's Needle. They might have added (with truth) that their countrymen have also got the needle.

* * *

Little Mr. Smith proudly calls attention to the fact that, coincident with his appointment as Special Constable and the commencement of the war, London crime has shown a marked decrease.

* * *

German officers are encouraging their men by telling them that they will be back home at Christmas. At the rate they are retreating from France and Belgium they are likely to get there before then.

NEWS FROM THE FRONT.

(From our Special War Correspondent).

Near Europe, Oct. 10.

Shells are bursting round me as I write. A considerable distance away, I admit; but quite near enough to convince me that I am fully earning my annual stipend. War is horrible. It may be you know that as well as I; but the remark is not copyright. Anyway, I know what I'm talking about.

For three days I have been following in the wake of the Allied troops at a discreet distance, and last night I obtained lodgings at the house of old Mère Peupeu, from where I now write.

Early this morning I was awakened by the noise of what I believed to be heavy gun-firing, to discover, however, that it was merely old Pierre plodding in clogs over the brick-flagged floor, while *ma chère mère* busied herself preparing the morning meal. Oxtail soup. Salmon, parsley, and cucumber. Hindquarter of lamb, with mint sauce. Fruit salad. Cafe noir and biscuits. "What?" you say, "for a morning meal?" Not at all. I only repeated the names of the foregoing dishes to fill up space. In reality I breakfasted this morning on bread and onions, seasoned with pepper and fresh milk—a singularly palatable dish, I can assure you.

After appeasing my hunger as described, I looked about me to note the colour of the sky, trees, earth, etc.; also the general aspect of my surroundings. I have found that one can easily write at length in contrasting the peaceful tranquility of nature with the chaotic devastation of warring humanity. *Par exemple.* I had been engaged in so doing for some time, and had coined for this despatch several magnificent descriptive phrases which I have since unfortunately forgotten, when my good mother Peupeu summoned me to *déjeûner*, which, my senses of sight and smell informed me, consisted of . . . . well, war is horrible, *n'est-ce-pas?* Bread and onions.

In conversation with my vis-à-vis at table, old Pierre, who served his country in 1870, and maybe will serve it again, I ventured the remark that as the world had become more civilised, so warfare made an ever-increasing call on the individual intelligence of those engaged in it. In confirmation of which Pierre told me the following story:—

A French regiment, having heard of the hungry Germans' intense craving for the flesh of turnips, provided themselves with a turnipian head-dress and lay in ambush, disguised as a field of turnips. On a force of Germans perceiving this soi-disant field, they rushed to uproot the turnips, but discovered to their horror that each of the green shoots had a Frenchman attached. All unprepared as they were, the Germans, after a short struggle, had perforce to surrender, and when the Frenchmen gallantly doffed their headgear in respect to the conquered, the Germans snatched it eagerly and ate it with avidity and what remained of their teeth. I offer this with all reserve.

Old Pierre also informed me that he had heard it reported from an authentic source that one or other of the Kaiser's numerous sons had died for the sixth time. Personally, I don't believe it.

In the district where I write the Russians-in-France rumour has not yet been entirely squashed, and Pierre regards of peculiar significance several slices of lemon which he found in a field adjoining his farm. He is convinced that the brown staining of these lemon slices is the result of a chemical action occasioned by the percolating of a certain liquid through the fruit; in short, that the slices of lemon are the cast-off ingredients of Russian tea. I offer the inference for what it is worth.

Also—but, alas! Again I am interrupted by *ma mère's* call to *dîner*, which, I observe with shrinking nostrils, consists of a dish which I loathe and abhor with all my heart. *Mais que voulez-vous?* What would you?

What's that? War? Oh, yes. As for the progress of the war, I may say . . . "

(The remainder of the despatch has been deleted by the Censor.)

Eric de Banzie.

The Kaiser (loq.) : "These clothes don't seem to fit very well, somehow!"

We expect the German exodus from Belgium to be followed by some more Revelations.

* * *

No more gramophones or records are wanted by our sailors, says a daily paper. They will make quite a lot of records themselves *when* the German fleet comes out.

The Uhlans regard the manner in which Tommy uses his bayonet as simply abdominable.

* * *

It is stated that the cost of cleaning gloves in Paris has gone up on account of the scarcity of petrol. This, we believe, is only kid.

MORE OR LESS.

Death and Rouge.

"What will be your grief," an English nurse wrote recently, referring to the death of a well-known German upon the battlefield, "to hear that he refused to see a clergyman, and asked without ceasing for *la méchante petite Lili*?" It's worth while wading through columns of more or less authentic war-reports, to come upon a little human touch like this. I daresay the goody-goody people will sigh over this last sign of unregeneracy in a fallen foe, but for the life of me I can't help feeling a spark of sympathy for the man, who wanted his last moments to be spent in the company of pretty, powdered, perverse Lili—I am sure she was all three—with her absurd little rouged mouth and fantastic hat—I am sure, too, her mouth was rouged and her hat fantastic. I have always considered it to be a foolish thing to make of death a thing of sobs and tears. Far better, like Peter Pan, regard it as the greatest adventure of all. It was said of me once—Richard Middleton, to be precise, the poet who died so tragically at Brussels, said it—that he could imagine me powdering Death's nose, and, as an afterthought, setting a rouge-spot upon both his cheeks. I can't quite imagine myself doing that, but I believe I should powder my own.

* * *

Champagne and Shells.

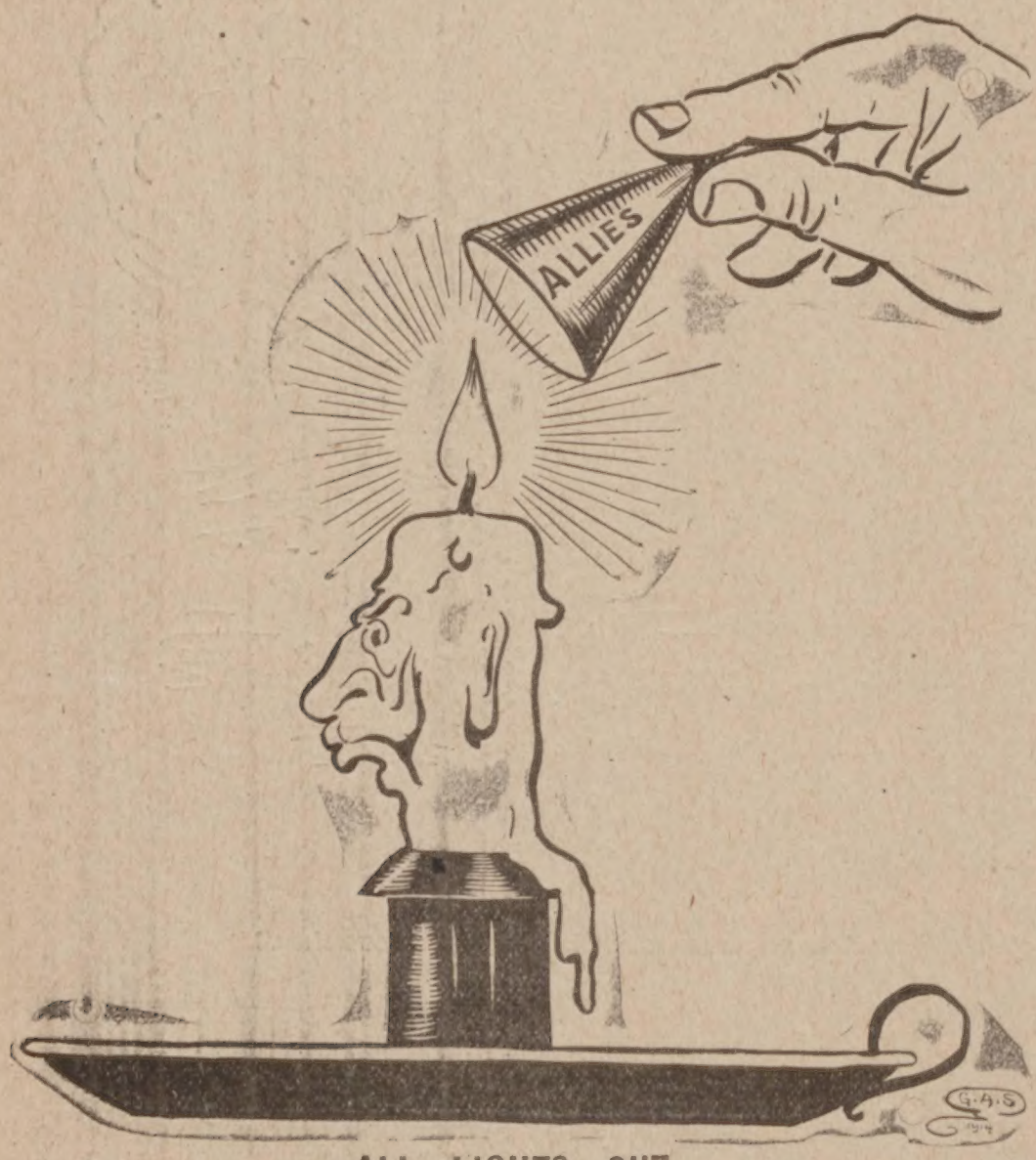
This seems to be a war of champagne and shells. The two words leap at one every time one opens a paper. I used to love champagne at one time, and endure many a weary dinner for the sake of a glass or two of that amber, bubbly wine, but when the other evening at an impromptu supper somebody produced a bottle, and suggested "drinks round" for luck, I refused my share. For ever after, champagne will be associated in my mind with the bursting of shells and the red wind-flowers of the battlefield. They say that over in Belgium empty champagne bottles and dead men are often found together, that next to one park where three thousand bottles of champagne were buried—for safety—in the earth, more than that number of men were buried for decency. Champagne used to mean to me just a jolly kind of golden-hearted imp radiating good fellowship; now it means just the horror of a bursting shell. That yellow wine I used to love has turned to red.

* * *

Emotion's Football.

"It takes a woman to write that sort of thing," a critic said to me contemptuously a day or two back. He was referring to a new play called the "Sphinx." When I tell you that this play is a feminist one, you can easily understand it will only appeal to those palates that find a diet of George Bernard Shaw tame. There is a love-scene which is only saved from making the entire audience feel they were crossing the Channel by its utter improbability. In the end the heroine, of course, poisons herself. The villain, strangely enough, does not die, but becomes a cripple, and moralises chattily from an armchair. The wife, of course, forgives and, I suppose, spends the rest of her life—we only saw four acts of it, thank goodness—making him beef-tea. Heigho! thank heavens we don't live in a world created for us by feminity. I don't know what would happen, I'm sure, if every person one met were a combination of Victoria Cross, Elinor Glyn and Marie Corelli, to mention but a few of our leading novelists. Emotion isn't a football, you know. It isn't meant for strenuous kicking. Any man will tell you that all emotion should be relegated to proper hours and times, and that it should never be allowed out late at night or with the wrong person.

* * *



ALL LIGHTS OUT.
By Order.

Lace and Romance

There are a few lovely specimens of real old lace on show at the present moment. It is hand-made lace from Termonde, and was brought over by some Belgian refugees, who, in happier days, had been lace-workers. I always envy those lucky people who can afford to buy "real lace." Gaby Deslys can wear as many diamonds as she likes, they leave me cold, but when I see a woman with a bit of lace about her somewhere, that my critical eye discovers to be real, I usually break the Commandment that deals with coveting. Lace isn't just lace to me. It's a bit of romance as well.

* * *

And the Rest——

"Rest-gowns" seem to be the latest thing out. All the dressmakers are inviting me to see their newest novelties in this line. The rest-gown of the year is just the tea-gown of yester-year. As of yore, it falls in folds, has a rose about it somewhere, and a general limp appearance. It totally belies its name, inasmuch as if you did happen to rest in it, you'd ruin it for ever. I understand a rest-gown is a garment to be donned on special occasions, such as when you want to play the invalid or a lover. You can't get it out of the house-keeping money. It's an extra, like a motor or golf. A husband will tell you that all extras have to be avoided—especially in war-time—but what woman listens to a mere husband? Isn't he, after all, only an extra, too?

Louise Heilgers.

THE THREAD.

...e of the Fates sat spinning amongst the rocks; ... had a hard face and an unkind expression, due ...ubtless to over-much mingling with other people's ...airs, but her attire was very sufficient. No one has ...r yet dared to speak of any of the Fates as un...ered—indeed, they are spoken of as very serious...ded persons.

...he did not sing as she span; those spinning songs ...ten by earthly musicians rather amused her—they ... more to do with a Gretchen spinning her wedding ...n than a Fate spinning the vital fine thread of a ...'s life.

...ne of the sisters came towards her.

'I got tired,' she said wearily, "and I snapped all ... threads off suddenly. There will be more devils to-...t, that's all."

"You have no patience," said the other Fate, con...ning her labours skilfully. "You never seem to ...ible to mingle your thoughts finely with the thread ... life as I do, and spin wonderful lives that men can ... great."

"My threads are all broken off soon," said her sister ...th a dark smile, tossing her long tangled red hair ... her stooping shoulders. "I set them free—and ...en I snap off the thread of their lives . . . . they ...."

...he Fate span on.

"...areless and heedless sister," she said; "know you ... that anguish is caused each time you carelessly ...ak the thread and a man dies?"

...r sister stared at the scarlet sun:

"...care not," she said recklessly. "Haven't you ...ard them cry, 'A short life and a merry one'? Well, ...give them that!"

"...And a vast gift of tears to those who love them ...the same time. Come . . . . look at this thread I ...ave now. This man was nought, and into his life ...wove so many and wonderful interests that now he ...great!"

...r sister flung out one long thin hand and abruptly ...ke the fine thread:

"...Let him die," she said.

...e other Fate stared at her.

"...You defy the gods," she said rebukingly. "For he ...s a good man, and there are few, and the few are ...beloved."

* * * *

...own in the world a man lay dead, and across his ...n a woman wept long and bitterly.

"...Why couldn't he have lived?" she wailed. "Any...would have been spared better than he. He was ...good and so beloved. In all the world was there ... another man so full of plans for the betterment ...everyone?"

...r coloured servant came into the quiet chamber ...ief.

"...Come away," she said persuasively to the grief-...ken mother; "come and rest."

"...There is no justice," cried the old woman wildly. ... is cruel, and death is pitiless."

...he dark woman bowed her dusky head.

"...It is Kismet," she said.

...As they left the room the clock struck midnight.

* * * *

...p among the rocks Fate span another thread, un...ling, and gazing the while with deep liquid eyes ...o the future.

..."...the thread may be sna, ped to-day or to-morrow, ...t as Fate wills. And if a man be good or bad, it ...all avail him nothing. He is the sport of Fate; the ...ything of Destiny. No more and no less.

...And yet some shall win salvation, even so!

C. N.

L'AMOUR VIF.

She placed a tiny, satin-slippered foot on the fender and toyed with the tongs. The man ceased speaking, leaned back in the saddle-bag armchair, crossed his legs and pressed his fingers together—I could see them quite plainly from the couch in the curtained recess by the window.

"Bah!" she said, dropping the tongs and turning her head so that her fine eyes flashed in the firelight. "You English, you do not know how to love. What you call love, it is a lukewarm thing, cool, cold; there is even ice in it. You say, 'I love you, Yvette. Will you marry me?' just as you would 'I like an apple, will you give me that one?'" She spoke quickly, and in a voice tense with emotion.

"*Sacré nom d'un petit bon homme!* How a man of my nation would breathe, '*Je t'aime*,' how he would make of love a thing warm, passionate, breathing! You say you conceive love here." With a quick gesture she indicated the left side of her heaving bosom. "Then I—I—Yvette—tell you that it is still-born."

She slewed round in her chair and faced the man. "It is, perhaps, like this," she continued, and her voice took on an explanatory note, "the poesy of love, magic and ardent, streams out red-hot from your human heart, but, *parbleu*! it cools *en route*, and arrives at your English lips prose, solid, and oh! so grave."

"It is so, my child. Is it not?" she inquired in a cooing voice. "*Vraiment*, you English are an inartistic race!"

"Listen!" she said, holding up an attention-focussing forefinger. "I will indicate to you a love affair *à l'anglais*: There is, perhaps, a little glamour, a little romance, a little kissing, a little ineffectual fire which does not burn anyone—enough, however, to warm the air for the tiny blue love-bird which flutters around, perching first on one then on the other. Enters then Madame Matrimony. She is, what you call, brazen lady. She wears rice in her hair, old shoes on her feet, but so very little besides. With her she brings skies which frown and blasts which nip. The little *oiseau bleu* cannot stay. It is too chilly for him. He must have bright skies, and *couleur de rose* sunsets. He likes much the soft light of lovers' eyes; he demands the warmth of lips that are ruddy, the heat of spirits entwined. Only in France, my beautiful France, does the little love-bird find his home. He does but sojourn in this cold country of England."

The man uncrossed his long legs, and leaned forward with a quiet smile. "What a fiery little animal it is," he said.

With a kind of half sigh she clasped her fingers round her knees and sank back in her chair. "*Ciel!*" she murmured, giving him her eyes in a gaze which took him by the hand and seated him, lover-like, on the arm of her chair.

"You will marry me, Yvette?" he continued, slipping an arm round her waist; "won't you, dear?"

She wound her soft white arms round his neck and drew his dark head down to hers. "*Faute de mieux, mon enfant*," I heard her whisper as I stole noiselessly from the room.

* * * * *

With a piquant smile my wife announced to me next morning at breakfast that Yvette, her chic little French maid, had engaged herself to my good-looking valet John.

W. J. Tipping.

It is reported that a representation has been made to the Kaiser by a high official of Krupps' that they cannot maintain the supply of guns unless more economy is practised in the distribution of good material in the form of Iron Crosses.

BY THE WAY.

"If we go under now we go under for ever. That's the truth on the subject."

It is an ex-Prime Minister who says it. Lord Rosebery usually tells us the truth, and he touches the spot this time right enough. German venom against us will survive this war a hundred years. French venom survived our smashing of Napoleon a century, too. It was King Edward who made Frenchmen ashamed any longer to hurl "Perfide Albion!" at us. But Germany will shout it as long as anybody now living survives. It will last for generations. So let us realise that this is really the greatest war in which we have ever engaged, and let no man between 19 and 35 any longer remain dense to his country's absolute necessity!

* * *

No words of mine can exaggerate our country's need. But incidentally let me point to one bright spot. My old friend Aga Khan was telling me the other day at the Savoy what he hoped to do in the war. I listened, for what Aga Khan says is always interesting. It may be his relations with the Shah or the Hottentots (and he rules races in both countries, as elsewhere), or it may be the points of an Arab or a Waler, or the latest cock-and-bull story from the lips of an Indian Congress walla, but it is always delightful—always forcefully and delicately put. So, when Aga Khan spreads himself on the war your ears prick up!

A CLOSE SHAVE.

"Say, old thing, let's do it. Awfully good sport."
"Gweat Scott, Bertie! But suppose they sent us to the front."
"What a head you've got, old man. I never thought of that."

And while His Holiness was expatiating, another Khoja whispered in my ear, "India is safe, anyway." Now, that was comforting. It is, too, a fact well worth digesting. What my dusky friend meant was, supposing that Germany, by sea and air, not only wears down France and Russia in Europe, but compels the submission of Britain by invasion and victory on our own hearths, India will never submit. Also, that Aga Khan himself would lead the forces of native India against the German intruder, however strongly he might be armed. And when you consider that the Mohammedans of India are sixty millions—including the whole country of the Nizam at its heart, and Sind on the Persian flank—it will be seen that though Kaiser Wilhelm conquer the white world, India will be a bee in his bonnet which will sting him to the death!

* * *

"Misfortunes never come singly," they say, and sure Lord Kenmare has of late realised the truth of the axiom as few people have. Just ten years ago he fell from his horse and broke his nose; the next year his father died; the next his eldest son, Lord Castlerosse, fell very ill, while a naval cadet at Osborne; in 1912 Killarney House, one of the finest private mansions in the world, was utterly destroyed by fire, at a loss of £400,000; the year following Lord Kenmare lost his mother, and now he has two of his three sons lying seriously wounded on the field of battle. Aisne has not only accounted for Viscount Castlerosse, but also for his brother, the Hon. M. H. Browne, who went down in the same heroic struggle that placed the Earl of Chichester's brother in a soldier's grave. Lord Kenmare was "born with the silver spoon in his mouth," but it is better to be "born lucky than rich," and Lord Kenmare, though rich, has never had luck. All the same, he is one of Ireland's best men, and deserves better.

* * *

I hear that Lloyd George was simply amazed at the success of his war speech. Never before in any oration of his received such universal acclamation. He has been deluged with letters of congratulation from well-known people. One of these, which he will treasure to the end of his days, came from the King of the Belgians, who wrote a personal letter of thanks to the Chancellor.

* * *

They must be searching high and low in Berlin for the Kaiser's famous luck ring, which *must* have been lost. This ring, set with a stone, was (so the story goes) dropped from the mouth of a frog and picked up by a Hohenzollern princess. Whenever it has been lost misfortune has dogged the Kaiser's family. It was lost from Frederick William II., and the series of troubles which beset that monarch came to an end when it was recovered.

* * *

It is interesting to recall that the Kaiser has never been crowned. When the time approached for that great ceremony he made tremendous preparations. Everything was to be dazzlingly beautiful—masses of uniforms and gorgeous carpets. Unfortunately, however, this cultured ruler overstepped the mark. He decided that the Almighty had not made him German Emperor, but Emperor of Germany. It therefore behoved him to be crowned in the latter capacity. The rulers of the German States who had no means of discovering the Almighty's wishes in the matter (and did not intend to take the Kaiser's word for it) refused to let the gentleman with the moustache assume so haughty a title. "Very well," said William, "I won't have any coronation at all then."

rumour whispers that he merely postponed the ceremony pending his arrival in London as the Conqueror.

* * *

Ten thousand pounds a year for acting for the "pictures"! This is the sum reputed to have been made by Max Linder, the famous film actor, who, it is pronounced, has been killed during the great battle of the Aisne (a report, by the bye, which, in spite of denials, is still believed by people who ought to know). Linder's studies of the "knut" are familiar in every town which possesses a picturedrome throughout the world, and he is as popular in Tokio and Tunis as he is in London and Paris. He was proud of being termed "the best-dressed man in Paris," and his clothes and the way he wore them were the despair of his imitators. He was only thirty-one, and being unmarried doubtless felt the call of patriotism upon him too strong to pass unheeded, so offered his services and the use of his splendid automobile to the French Minister of War, though he was not really liable for military service in any way. Max Linder's methods were invariably refined and artistic, and he was a great screen favourite at the fashionable picture matinées at the West End picturedromes. But it is the man in the street who will feel his loss the most poignantly, for, with the exception of Miss Mary Pickford, it is doubtful whether any other artist appearing on the living screen equalled him in popularity.

THE LOITERER.

SPORTING NOTES.

Owing to the extremely hard going, several of the candidates for the Cesarewitch have been very much interfered with in their preparation, and consequently speculation on the event has narrowed down to very small dimensions. At present Princess Dorrie is a very pronounced favourite, and being of good class, possibly it is not to be wondered at in the circumstances; still, her staying powers have to be taken on trust, although there is no ostensible reason why she should fail in that respect. On the other hand I cannot see that her chance represents such a cramped price as she stands at now. Fiz Yama, last year's winner, is a very genuine article, and it really looks very difficult to find one capable of preventing him again appropriating the stakes and setting up a record. Wagstaff and The Guller, I am afraid, will not find the ground to their liking, much as I should have fancied both had it been otherwise. Arda proved herself in good form by winning the 65th Biennial Stakes at the last meeting at headquarters, and as she incurs no penalty for that victory must take the immensity of beating here, and should certainly be kept on the safe side. October has been doing a lot of good work, but I have no encouragement, at the moment, to put him forward as the likely winner, although he comes from a very dangerous stable. Grave Greek was very badly away in the Nottingham Handicap, and then got third, so must not be left out of reckoning; neither must his stable companion, Vinilla, and I am of opinion that Sir Charles Nugent's best will go very close to winning. Another that also must have a chance on the Nottingham running is Gravelotte, who is sure to get the distance. Broadwood looks like disputising for Pratt's stable, but on recent form I cannot see how he is to beat several others. Collodion I do not fancy, but Green Falcon, Parrot, Polygamist, and Naughty Girl, of the three-year-olds, certainly claim attention. Anyway, to sum up the situation, I shall throw in my lot with

GREEN FALCON,

with a great dread of Fiz Yama and Grave Greek. For the Suffolk Nursery good accounts reach me of Barbed Wire, and she should be supported.

BLACKSTONE.

Your Future Depends on YOURSELF

IF the noble efforts and splendid courage of our Army and Navy are to be of the greatest use to our Country, it is essential that those of us who are unable to take our places in the fighting line should keep the wheels of industry and commerce revolving.

YOU must do YOUR part. The first point is: see to it that your job is secure. That each man should, as far as possible, keep his job is of great importance to our country.

On yourself alone it depends whether you keep your position and your future secure during this hour of trial.

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IN TIME OF WAR PREPARE FOR PEACE

IN STAGELAND.

Men may come and kingdoms may go, but new plays or revivals seem to go on for ever. Within the next few days we are having fresh productions at the Comedy, the Vaudeville, Daly's, the Ambassadors', and the St. James's. In the latter case, "Michael Orme's" clever play having failed to attract, Sir George is by way of reviving Pinero's "His House in Order." He has been lucky enough to get together nearly all of the original cast, including Miss Irene Vanbrugh and that too-rarely-seen actor, Herbert Waring. "His House in Order" ran for nearly a year in 1906-7.

* * *

Apart from the fact that it brings Miss Mary Moore back to us after too long an interval, Mr. Wilfred Coleby's "Sir Richard's Biography," at the Cri., is chiefly notable for its bright and often witty dialogue. In fact, this is a comedy wherein the slightness of the story matters little, so well-worded is much of the conversation. And its interpreters are well worthy this class of fare, including Eric Lewis in a quaint rôle literally "made for him," Sam Sothern as a comic sportsman in difficulties, Marie Hemingway and Miss Moore herself. The latter, by the way, does what little there is to justify the author's title in her capacity as the relict of the late Sir Richard, whose "biography" she has "edited" in such a manner as to make it read like a long-drawn panegyric of herself.

* * *

"Young Wisdom" was withdrawn from the Playhouse on Saturday night, after a most disappointing "run," having regard to the object with which the performances were being given. I fear that Mr. Maude's pretty theatre, which has not been any too lucky of late, may be closed for some time, especially as he himself is off to America for a couple of years. Meanwhile, Mr. Bourchier has decided to withdraw "King Hal" in favour of Mr. José Levey's "The Double Mystery," which he (Arthur B.) tried "on the dog" at Manchester during his last tour. Mr. Levey is the Garrick Theatre's urbane and tactful business manager, with a rare talent for adapting naughty Gallic plays to our English requirements.

* * *

"As we go to press," I learn that "The Impossible Woman" (which for two or three weeks benefited much by the "overflow" from "Drake," just opposite) is being withdrawn from the Haymarket shortly in favour of "The Flag Lieutenant"—an admirably topical selection one would think. I further learn that Cyril Maude, whose rights in the piece expired long ago, was just in late to secure this revival for the Playhouse. It served his purpose well at a time when he sadly needed it—he confided to the present writer when speaking of the railway accident of a few years ago which necessitated the rebuilding of his theatre—and he is credited with having made £20,000 out of "The Flag-Lieutenant."

* * *

If not exactly a "Kismet" in its "drawing" qualities I have little doubt that Oscar Asche's new Zulu play "Mameena," will prove a winner. It certainly deserves to do so, if only for its wonderfully exact portrayal of Zulu life (I speak as one who knows), and for its exceedingly beautiful scenery—which also is true to nature, as anybody who knows South Africa will admit. Only one "set"—the Rocks over the Tugela River (Act 4)—failed to convince, and doubtless it is the smallness of the Globe stage which is responsible. Also the frequent use of heavy clouds drifting across the sky, though more effective than anything of the kind I have seen on the stage, is scarcely what one would find in Zululand. I shall say something about the acting next week, but in the meantime I must congratulate Mr. Asche on a picturesque and splendid production which I strongly advise you all to see.

THE UNDERSTUDY.

PREPARE FOR THE

Trade Boom

AFTER THE WAR

There is sure to be a great demand for those who can

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OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

Boy: "Muvver says that last joint you sent her was like leather."
Butcher: "Well, what does she expect? It was a saddle of mutton."

* * *

"Every time I am with Mr. Magnitau," said the dear little girl, "we have a breakdown."
"What is the matter with his motor car?"
"It isn't his car that breaks: it is our hammock."

* * *

Mrs. Newlywed (sentimentally): "And, my darling, what would you do if I were to die?"
Mr. Newlywed: "Bury you."

* * *

In a South London cemetery is a tombstone bearing the following inscription: "Here lies John Moore accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his wife." A queer way of showing affection.

* * *

'TWAS EVER THUS.

Wife: I can read you like I can this book, Adolphus!"
Husband: Why don't you, then? You skip what you don't like in a book, and linger over it in me!
—*Puck.*

* * *

FEARED THE TRUTH.

"George," said the wife to her generally unappreciative husband, "how do you like my new hat?"
"Well, my dear,," said George, with great candour, "to tell you the truth——"
"Stop right there, George! If you're going to talk that way about it I don't want to know."
—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

* * *

A good deal of the war news received suggests that the bulk of it was originally told to the marines and by them transmitted by special wireless by means of an endless series of hot-air vibrations. —*Judge.*

THE MISSING INVITATION.

Foreign Minister for Lapland (pettishly, to secretary): "Is this to-day's post?"
Secretary: "Yes, sir."
Minister (feverishly running through letters): "Well, where's our ultimatum from Germany? He MUST have sent one."
—*Sydney Bulletin.*

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